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sages, and of worthies?—Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse, in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings to make her victorious: these are the shifts and defences that Error uses against her power.

THE ALPINE HORN,

SOUNDED IN THE MOUNTAINS OF SWITZERLAND, TO SUMMON THE
INHABITANTS TO PRAYER.

WITH dying splendour now the setting sun
Shot his last rays; Nature was hushed to sleep,
And all was still—Oh what a scene was there!
Each snow-clad peak, that with ambitious head
Sought the high arch of heaven, was painted o'er
With mingled tints of azure and of gold.
The glaciers and impending avalanche,
That threatened ruin and destruction dread
To peaceful villages, now seemed to gaze
With raptured wonder on the solemn scene.
The torrents, foaming down their craggy beds,
Softened to gentler murmurs. Here and there
A little twinkling star, and the bright moon
Appeared amid the boundless waves of hea'v'n,
Striving to assert her claim as Queen of Night;
In vain—the radiant tho' expiring blaze
Of the descending sun o'erwhelmed them all.
The eagle there calm and majestic sat
Midway in air, upon a jutting rock,
And dove-like, seemed to share the common joy.
But hark! methinks I hear a sound: see, see!
On yonder crag, the highest of the ridge,
A shepherd stands; he blows the mellow horn—
Loud rings the blast, from cliff to cliff it flies.
The chamois listens with instinctive awe,
But trembles not; the stately-nodding pine
Bows its high head, and seems to worship too.
The hamlets hear the blest but simple call,
And on the flowery turf all meekly bend.
Praised be the Lord! through every vale resounds;
Praised be the Lord! re-echoes every hill;
Praised be the Lord! all Nature seems to cry.
The tender parent clasps her rosy babe,
And with a mother's fondness teaches it
To lift its hands in prayer to heaven.
The blushing shepherdess sinks on her knees,
And prays for both her aged parents dear.
And thinks she not on the bold daring youth,
Who climbs the dizzy rock and precipice?
She does; and supplicates his safe return.
The hoary sire, grateful for blessings past,
Beholds his kneeling daughter's lovely form,
And prays that she may close his faded eyes.
The wearied hunter thanks his gracious God
For dangers just escaped, and fondly begs
For every blessing on the maid he loves.
Now all is hushed again—a holy calm succeeds;
The sun has shed his last expiring ray,
And night has spread around her sable veil;
While all, retiring to their peaceful homes,
Soon taste the sweets of undisturbed repose.

H. R.